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And the lads, they flouted them,
Cursed and cuffed and clouted them,
  Drove them to their working.

Now he lieth low:
  Where the trees are waving
And the breezes softest blow,
  There he hath his graving.
All the maidens sob and sorrow
For their love who knows no morrow,
  And the lads are grieving.
All the birds sing sad of him;
The old folk are glad of him,
  Curse his sweet deceiving,
Cry, "Well rid of him, God wot!"—
But their eyes grow dim, God wot,
  Harvesting and weaving.

THE POET

He sings of loves and tears to him denied,
  Of aspirations that he never knew.
  He is earth's mountebank and prophet too,
And of men's sorrows he is crucified.

Victor Starbuck